

THE WOOD GIANT.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From New York Independent, Sept. 10.

From Alton Bay to Sandwick Done.

From Mad to Saco River.

For barracks of the primal wood.

Wood, and water, and endeavor.

And then we said—“The giant old

Are lost beyond return; the ax has spared

This mighty growth the ax has spared

Not the wood primæval.

“Look where we will o'er yule and hill

For broad girted maples, wide limbed oaks,

Centennial pines and birches.

“Their tortured limbs the ax and saw

Have changed to beams and trestles;

They rest in the green seas;

They rot in sunken vessels.

“This shorn and wasted mountain land

Of under-shrub and boulder—

What is left of the green boughs

Must live a century old!

At last to us a woodland path,

To open out leading.

Revered the Amakins of times

Gone with the winds.

Along, the long sun before.

Below, the lake's green islands,

Beyond, in misty distance dim,

The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark than on its sunset Hill

With the sun's last beam,

How dwarfed the common woodland seemed,

Before the old-time giant!

What marvel then in simpler days

Of the world's early childhood?

Men were bold, and strong, and brave,

Such monarchs of the wildwood?

That Tyrian made with flower and song

Danced through the hill grove's spaces,

And the wild birds found

In woods their home.

With something of that pagan awe

With Christian reverence blest,

We saw the pine tree's mighty arms

Abide, and stand enduring.

We heard him, and the sunbeams

As erst Dolon's priests heard,

The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it that hollow unconscious moan

Of the giant's heart, the weariness

The weariness of unshered power.

The loneliness of greatness?

O dawns and sunsets lend to him

The beauty and your wonder,

But the sunbeams, summer song

His solemn shadow under.

Play lightly on his slender keys,

Of wind of summer waking,

For him the sunbeams break,

And let the eagle and the crow

Rest on his still green branches,

When winds shake down his winter snow.

The brave are brave for their cheer,

The strongest need assurance,

The sign of longing makes not less

The lesson of endurance.

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

A TALE OF THE LATIN QUARTER. BY FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

Written for the *Morning Oregonian*.

“Bonsoir, Bibi,” cried half a dozen of us Sorbonne students, on one December evening we went swinging along the boulevard St. Michel.

“Bonsoir, messieurs,” came back the answer from a young girl with short cropped hair and a pair of steady, observant gray eyes.

“Shall we see you to-night?” said I.

“Oh, yes,” replied Bibi, “I shall overhaul you somewhere. Isn't that beautiful?” and she drew from her muff a bottle of spirit in which an ugly bit of human tissue floated about. “I'm going to have an hour's study with the microscope and then for a dance?”

“I'll come for you, petite,” said Octave, a lively little Frenchman.

“No, you won't,” said Bibi, shortly.

“Of course not, for I shall claim the honor of bringing Bibi to the ball.” This polite tender came from Manuel, a dashing Spaniard, who had great, sleepy eyes, which were dangerous whenever they chance to winkle.

“Will you?” Bibi returned, defiantly.

“Nonsense, Bibi will come with me, and we shall talk English together,” said Arthur Kent, the slender, handsome young Englishman who had a room near mine *chez le sircar*, or, in other words, at Madame Alme's very old, tumble-down house in a little street back of the Sorbonne. *La Sirene*, tradition said, was the name to which Alme was known in her youth, and deservedly, though in her age she was monstrously ugly. “Come, you little wench,” Arthur went on, filling at the black lace scarf tied about Bibi's neck, “let me see your rooms. I'm sure they're neat and pretty. Ah! Bibi, now don't be cruel.”

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